UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Humanism

By A. EUSTACE HAYDON

Religion Under Communism

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Mohonk After Fifteen Years

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Judaism and Pacifism

By HANS KOHN

VOLUME CIV NUMBER 8

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OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST

November Articles

November 4. Education Towards Communism
Alson H. Robinson

Whether these vast (educational) activities will result in the creation of a communist mind and eventually in a Communist state is wholly problematical. There can, however, be no doubt that in transposing the darkness of the past into the present Light of Knowledge, coming generations all over the world will enjoy an increasing measure of happiness and freedom.

November 11—Religion Under Communism
Alson H. Robinson

In the course of an exhibition, they show you the picture of one of the Czar's soldiers directing the fire of a machine gun from the belfry of the church into the crowds of people in the square. By the side of the soldier stands a priest blessing the gun which is causing the streets to flow with the blood of his own people.

November 18. In a Russian Village
Sherwood Eddy

One of the great experiments of the world is being tried out in Russia today; the experiment of a united, cooperative, socialized order in contrast to competitive, individualistic, nationalistic states. Today these untamed plains of potential wealth are being made to blossom as the rose.

November 25. Where the World War Began.
Kirby Page

Even a superficial contact with the Balkan situation causes one to wonder about the permanence of the prevailing political arrangements. Jugoslavia feels menaced on all sides. A bitter sense of injustice prevails among the Serbs and Croats and in Bulgaria and Hungary.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1929 NUMBER 8

A MODERN CREDO

I believe in God. One Supreme Intelligence, Personality or Being is in the Universe and rules it.

I believe in the reality and immortality of the soul. It is part of the Universal Soul of God. Even as the universe is eternal, man is eternal. From eternity man comes; in it he lives, and to eternity he returns. Through existence, influence and memory man gains immortality, as individual as is his own personality and as personal as is the personality of God.

I believe in prayer. Man seeks for communion and oneness with God. Through prayer he associates himself with the eternal purposes which fulfill themselves through himself and the universe. Through prayer man gains wisdom and strength for the achievement of God's will and plan.

I believe in the continuous revelation of God's purposes. In the evolution of nature, in the history, literature and visions of mankind, God discloses his decrees. Every people in every age has its unique spokesmen of the invisible forces of life, whom we call mystics and prophets.

I believe in the freedom of man's will. He must regard evil as real and endeavor to overcome it. He must cooperate with God in directing the development of human society and the universe towards ultimate and universal good.

I believe in sin and punishment. Every breach of the moral law draws eventually in its train its own punishment; every fulfillment of the moral law contributes to the beauty, peace and happiness in life.

I believe in the perfectibility of the individual man. By aspiration, struggle and labor man can approach the character of the Supreme Ideal of God in terms of righteousness, love, justice, mercy, truth and peace.

I believe in the perfectibility of society and mankind. Through collective effort humanity can attain the Ideal. Through obedience to the teachings of seers whom we call Messiahs, of nations with special moral insight whom we call Chosen Peoples, through mankind acting as its own Messiah, the human race can bring to pass with ever-unfolding power the era of perfection.

I believe in the harmony, orderliness, beauty and unity of all life, for man, society, humanity and the universe.

I believe that mankind can fulfill its destiny through belief in One God, One Moral Law and One Humanity.

(RABBI) LOUIS I. NEWMAN.

Temple Emanu-El, San Francisco.

I have never before seen in the world, nor have I read in history of a party in absolute power renouncing for themselves practically all private property, profit and privilege, living in voluntary poverty and sharing everything with the workers and peasants. While permitting higher salaries to those outside, no member of the Communist Party is allowed to receive more than a maximum of $112.50 a month, or about $3.75 a day. Most get far less. Never have I seen a party so determined to share all that there is of property, of profit, of privilege; of education and leisure; of art, music, culture and recreation.

This is a comment on Soviet Russia recently received in a private letter. The writer is not a Communist, nor a near-Communist. In other comments in this same letter, he shows himself a stern critic of certain phases of governmental policy and procedure in Moscow. But on this one matter of the sacrificial spirit of the Bolsheviks, he is moved to sympathy and reverence. Surely there is nothing like it in history, at least in secular history. There have been religious orders which have risen to exalted heights of self-abnegation. There have even been orders, like the Jesuits, which have gained enormous power and yet kept to their rigorous discipline of poverty and service. But political history tells a different story. Men and parties have here gained high office and wielded vast authority, only in the end to be corrupted by the temptations of ease and luxury. Napoleon Bonaparte, the lean artillery officer transformed into the chubby, flabby, self-indulgent emperor, is the perfect example of what we mean. But these Bolsheviks—they are as lean and stern and hard today as ever! In the flame and fury of the revolution, they fell heir to the incalculable wealth of the Tsars. Into their hands slipped all the political and military authority of the realm. For years now they have been wielding the taxing power over a population of one hundred and fifty million souls. Yet these Communists are living today like an army on short rations. Their highest officials have small salaries; a commissar, with power of life and death in his hands, is as poor as any peasant or laborer in the land. Stalin, the most potent political figure in the world, wears rude clothes and lives on meagre fare. These men, whatever their mistakes and obsessions, are idealists. They are sacrificing all personal ambitions and desires to the end of fulfilling a great dream of human liberation and social betterment. They hate religion and are seeking to destroy it—but only because they don't know what religion is! In their own unselfish hearts is the one true religion of God and man.

A certain committee in New York was recently interested in a labor situation in a certain state. This

situation involved fundamental issues of American freedom, and an attempt was made by the committee in question to rally liberals in the state to their support. By dint of much effort, a list of some two hundred liberals was gathered. This list included many names which were doubtful, and, as later inquiry revealed, rightly so. There were not two hundred liberals in the entire state. Which raises the question as to how many liberals there are in this country anyway! We have for years been joining liberal organizations and sitting in on liberal committees of one kind and another. As we look back over the years, and look around us now, it seems as though we were seeing always the same old faces and hearing everywhere the same old voices. This group, that group, the other group—they are all composed of the same people. We don't wonder that the conservatives charge the liberal societies with having interlocking directorates and all the rest. For the fact of the matter is that the number of liberals who are willing to stand up and be counted, and to do a little work for a good cause, constitute only a few hundred men and women out of a hundred and twenty millions of population in the United States. What are all the rest of the people doing? Making money, playing the stock market, buying automobiles, looking at moving pictures, listening to radios, *having a good time!* There isn't one person out of ten thousand in this country who cares for anything but pleasure. There isn't one person out of a million who would do a stroke of work if relieved of economic necessity. Constantly the demand is for more leisure, with no slightest idea of using this leisure for anything but personal excitement and dissipation. No concern for mankind, no willingness to spend and be spent for the public good, no high courage and far vision for the better day! What wonder that great causes languish, and progress seems not to move at all? Yet the little group of liberals, grown gray and worn and tired, hangs on. And we recall that the Lord was willing to save Sodom if there could be found "ten righteous within the city."

The union of the Congregational and Christian denominations of this country has not yet been joined, but the bans have been published, and the ceremony is expected to take place just as soon as the legal formalities can be complied with. This is another blow struck at the tragic farce of Protestant sectarianism. What happened in Canada some years ago in the organization out of three great denominations of one national United Church, and this very year in Scotland in the unification of long severed fragments of Presbyterianism, has now taken place for the first time here in America. And what is thus so well begun may be expected to continue in other dramatic and beneficent church mergers! In this present case, the National Council of Congregational Churches is uniting with the General Convention of the Christian Church (not to be confused with the Disciples of Christ!), bringing 1,800,000 members of two denominations into a single body. Members of both groups may retain their respective beliefs and develop their own characteristic forms of religious expression, but they will be governed by a single council, or committee, and act together in all work for the common welfare. Theology is thus relegated to the individual life, where it properly belongs; the basis of religious organization is found in the life of the community, where it alone exists; and freedom is recognized and sanctified as the essential bond of peace. How happy and significant this consummation! Can anybody think of anything which either church has lost? Is it difficult to identify the hundred things which both churches have gained? UNITY, in fidelity to its name and purpose, has argued for this sort of achievement for years. Let it now go on, until all churches are united in one universal brotherhood of goodwill!

It is going to be interesting to see what is the fate of the new Humanist Society established in New York by Charles Francis Potter. The program of this society is thorough-going. Its Humanism is of the plainest and simplest type. No mention of God, no speaking of prayers, no singing of hymns, no sermons, no services! Just a Sunday morning meeting with lecture, and mid-week secular activities for the public good! It is not surprising that the inauguration of the movement has stirred interest and won support. Behind it is the momentum of a drift or current of public thought which is thoroughly characteristic of our age. The world is in revolt against theology, and inclines naturally to a humanistic view of things. At its head is a man who is well known for his alert and aggressive activity in the field of radical religion. Mr. Potter's debates with Dr. Straton will not soon be forgotten. His services in the Dayton (Tennessee) trial were useful. His book, "The Story of Religion," has attracted attention. Mr. Potter can be counted upon to give his Humanist Society a leadership not lacking in vigor, ingenuity, and wide popular appeal. What seems to be lacking in this movement, as in so much of current Humanism, is that rich, full-bodied, virile and positive idealism which must be characteristic of any religion which is "religious." There is much in Mr. Potter's undertaking to remind one of Felix Adler's ethical movement years ago. The one makes as clean a sweep of traditional religious paraphernalia as the other. But is there in Mr. Potter's work that rigor of moral discipline, that smouldering passion of ethical

idealism, which made the Ethical Culture Society one of the great socially redemptive movements of this modern age? Of this we shall see as time goes on. Meanwhile, Mr. Potter has enlarged the place of our tent, and stretched forth the curtains of our habitation, after the wise counsel of the prophet, and for this we are always grateful.

George A. Gordon (dead on October 25th) was the last of the theologians. There are men still with us who talk and write about theology, but they are not theologians in the great and classical sense of the word. Dr. Gordon walked in the true line of succession from Jonathan Edwards to Horace Bushnell, and with his death there is no one to follow on. Our times lack the interest in theology necessary to produce able theologians, and therefore the illustrious Boston preacher was the last of his kind. Dr. Gordon's life reminds inevitably of the life of Robert Collyer. Born in Scotland in 1853, he toiled as a laborer until in 1871 when he came to this country as a penniless immigrant in the steerage. Landing on these shores, he went vigorously to work to earn his daily bread, as Collyer went to work at his anvil. First the youthful Gordon was a stone-mason, then a glazier and painter. At intervals in his toil, and always in the evenings he studied, thus getting the only preparatory education that he ever had. In 1874, he managed to find his way to the Bangor Theological Seminary, and later to Harvard. From 1881 to 1884 he was pastor of a Congregational church in Greenwich, Connecticut, and then was called to the Old South Church in Boston, where he entered upon his great and memorable career. As a preacher, Dr. Gordon lacked all the graces of the accomplished pulpit orator. His face was insensitive, his voice harsh, his gestures unlovely. But there was a sinewy quality in his speech, and a rigor and range in his thought, which were impressive. Shorn of every winning charm, this preacher won his public by sheer power of intellect and character. In his youth a heretic, he became in his prime a leader of the liberal orthodoxy of his day, and in his old age was a conservative of deepest dye. His tragic intrusion into the Sacco-Vanzetti case in stubborn opposition to all clemency for the "good shoemaker and the poor fish-peddler" was a shock only to those who had not sensed Dr. Gordon's withdrawal into the shadows of black reaction. Alas, when the free spirit hardens and grows cold!

Moorfield Storey, another great Bostonian, died the day after the death of Dr. Gordon, on October 26th. Mr. Storey was for years among the most distinguished of American lawyers, but his chief claim to remembrance must ever be his unselfish public services in vindication of the traditional liberties of our Republic. The secretary and later the biographer of Charles Sumner, he was early enlisted in the cause of Negro emancipation, and to the end of his fruitful days labored in season and out for the fuller freedom and farther advancement of the colored people. Next only to his labors for the rights of the blacks to unrestricted participation in the life of this country, were his labors for the independence of the Filipinos. Moorfield Storey was among the first to see the iniquity of the Spanish War, and to battle against its imperialistic consequences east and west. He saw, what few men yet see with any clearness, that the annexation of the Philippines marked the end of the American Republic and the beginning of the American Empire, and involved incalculable peril to the great purposes for which this nation was established. The Anti-Imperialist League, of which Storey was for years the central force, may yet be remembered as the movement which kept alive the conscience of the American people in its darkest hour of temptation. Moorfield Storey was a liberal in the best nineteenth-century meaning of that word, and thus one of the last of that vanishing tribe which was the salt of their day and generation. His face was of classic mould—the replica of some old Roman bust. His voice and mien were calm, poised, cold—the disciplined instruments of passionate conviction. His austerity was supreme — but a flawless courtesy disclosed an inward grace which was the secret of his compassion for mankind. To us he appeared always, in thought and life, as an American John Morley. What are we breeding today to take the place of such men?

Humanism

When the cloistered student of religion turns from the far past to survey the modern scene his attention is at once arrested by the rising tide of Humanism. In all the world's slow-moving religions and cultures an unprecedented, disturbing ferment is at work. Its influence is like an atmosphere breathed in the every-day routine of living. It affects the millions as well as the intellectual and the masses even more than the lonely thinker. The primitive tribesman and the city-dweller alike are drawn into the moving drift of change. It is clear that this is not a case of the familiar reshaping of the past into new forms. The

building stones of idea and ideal taken from the abandoned temples of old will not harmonize with the style of the new structure. Evidently there is news in the realm of man's religious history. But as always in periods of change, there is confusion. The dust of conflict makes it difficult to see the living forces destined to create the stable culture patterns of the coming age. The scientific student, wishing neither to approve nor to condemn, but only to understand, desires nothing so much as a vantage point of vision a century removed in the future. Then the outline of the picture might stand out clearly. Then the braying voices within partisan enclosures would be stilled and forgotten. But even now, in the midst of the noise and the dust of transition, there is no real reason for misunderstanding the significance of the drift toward Humanism.

Critics and interpreters of the new movement have fallen into the error of seeking the roots in the historic past. Humanism in religion has been confused with classical Humanism on the one hand and with philosophic Humanism on the other. It makes a pretty picture to trace the rivulets from ancient Athens deepened by the freshets of the Renaissance, adjoining the current of Romantic naturalism, the stream of Rationalism and the strong river of Positivism to become at last modern Humanism. But a closer examination shows that the Humanist movement in religion has no such dignified lineage. To confuse it with any of these earlier forms would be to obscure its essential quality. For Humanism is the flowering of a new hope amid the problems and disillusion of an age created by science, the machines and experiments in democracy. Its roots draw their sustenance from the rich soil of folk life. Like all creative and vital movements in religion it embodies the hunger, the ache of unfulfilled desires, the yearning for glimpsed and unattained ideals, which make men restless in the world of concrete events. All the earlier religious philosophies found an opiate for this nervous disorder of the spirit of man through faith in the ultimate goodness of cosmic controls. But in the modern world a double destructive action has been at work on the former guarantees—applied science has destroyed the warm and cosy securities of the simple social order of the past and at the same time scientific knowledge has made it impossible any longer to find an anaesthetic for the new and menacing evils in the consolations of the traditional supernaturalism. Broken hearted man turned from his troubles in the past to the protection of the gods and a kindly heaven. Science and modern civilization have multiplied his maladjustments, increased his sensitivity to evil and at the same time evaporated his gods, his wonder-working spells and his happy heaven. Modernism is a partial recognition of the situation. But Modernism is fundamentalism rationalized as faith, sobered by facts and humanized in program. In contrast, Humanism has been compelled to abandon all the guarantees of fundamentalism and is attempting to formulate man's best hope in the light of scientific knowledge, the concrete problems of the modern world and an appreciation of human powers. It becomes a practical, naturalistic idealism grounded in a frank acceptance of man's at-homeness in the world and man's responsibility for creating the social order to embody his vision of the ideal.

To the detached observer there is something of pathos in the Modernist critique of Humanism. It hinges upon the fact that the consolidations and securities of the traditional theology and metaphysics are lacking in Humanism. One critic praises the new idealism for its many elements of courage and strength but condemns it because wings are lacking to lift man from the mountain tops of highest human endeavor to the divine and eternal realm of hope's final fulfillment. The Humanist has not forgotten the past. He may smile wistfully remembering the lost world of his youthful religious training. It is not fair to blame him for relinquishing wealth that he would still gladly keep if he could. It is not his fault if in the modern world the religions of mankind are reaching a sober maturity, if hope is chastened by knowledge and wish-fulfillment is perforce replaced by practical, cooperative toil.

Yet there is nothing of cynicism or indifference or stoical detachment about Humanism as religion. It is infused with a driving idealism. The Humanist is an optimist or at least a meliorist even though he is compelled to take his naturalism straight. He works with the method of science in all realms and is not in quest of anchorage in absolutes or finalities. Now that he has become accustomed to the new universe he feels rather comfortable and secure in being an earth-child bearing responsibility as a growing point of cosmic life. He prefers to depend upon human loyalities and intelligent purpose rather than upon faith or fate for the actualizing of his ideals. But he is not a dogmatist regarding what others may hope to find beyond the boundaries of human experience, though he must claim all that is valid experience for the materials of the sciences, natural, social and religious. As a religious man his primary interest is the age-old quest of the race for a good world in which the satisfying life might be won, and his optimism appears in that he dares to believe that if man will himself assume responsibility he may make that ancient dream a reality.

If it were only possible to gain that vantage point of observation a hundred years from today!

A. Eustace Haydon.

Jottings

"Apt alliteration's artful aid" helps us to a definition of politics:

Politics is public plunder for private profit.

Plans for traffic relief multiply, and traffic grows steadily worse. Meanwhile, the New Haven Railroad publishes quarter-page ads in the newspapers announcing special non-stop express trains from New York to New Haven for the Yale-Army game, and urging people to take these trains and avoid automobile delays and aggravations. Here is the one effective plan for traffic relief. Leave your automobile in the garage!

This modern sun-bath craze for brown skin must make our Negro friends smile. They have what all discriminating judges have always known to be the essential beauty of pigmentation, and no need to scorch themselves to death in the sun, either.

A trustee of a Congregational church in Uxbridge (Mass.) recently held up a bank in true gunman style, and walked off with several thousand dollars. The job of getting money enough to run a church these days is certainly getting desperate.

New York City's most famous street, Broadway, would seem to be the living symbol of the truth of Jesus's statement that "*broad* is the *way* that leadeth to destruction."

In admitting Count Karolyi and his wife into this country, Secretary Stimson denies that he is reversing the policy of his distinguished predecessors in the State Department. Quite right! He is not reversing anything. He is just substituting dignity for panic, courage for cowardice, and common-sense for idiocy.

J. H. H.

Religion Under Communism

I should like to begin by relating an incident which I believe as significant as it is dramatic. When eventually I arrived at Moscow, it was a gratifying experience to be met at the station by Reverend David Rhys Williams, minister of the Unitarian Church in Rochester, New York. Incidentally, Mr. Williams' brother, Albert, is one of the best known Americans in Russia, and the name of Williams is one to conjure with. With characteristic levity Williams said to me, "Now both of us are ministers and the first thing you ought to do when you come to Russia is to go to church. I will take you."

Having been persistently informed by our American newspapers and other gratuitous sources of information that the churches of Russia were either closed of demolished, I was quite ready to be shown. In fact on the way to the particular church where I was expected to pay my devotions, we must have passed a dozen others most of which were open, and from some of which worshipers were coming out while others were entering.

Presently, we arrived at a little shrine attached to that portion of the wall through which you pass from the Red square to the Revolutionary square. A tiny structure, not more than six feet square, known as the shrine of the Iberian saint. Placed there in the seventeenth century as a dwelling place for the Ikon of the Iberian mother of god, this edifice has been the object of veneration of many generations of Russians of high and low degree.

Here it was that Ivan the Terrible came to seek peace after the murder of his son. Here it was that Alexander the first pleaded for deliverance from the power of Napoleon's army whose guns could be heard at the gates of Moscow. When the great war broke out, Nicholas the Second sought here the aid of heaven; and here General Kaledin, the Cossack, begged for victory over the Red atheists.

As you enter, an old women is selling candles at the door. There are beggars about. A peasant is standing before the shrine muttering his prayers. It doesn't take one long to see what it is all about. And if one is conversant with the story of this particular shrine together with something of the stupendous power of which this shrine is a small but wholly significant symbol, the connection between this part and the entire institution becomes apparent. As you step back into the Revolutionary square, you are confronted by Lenin's widely heralded phrase which the Bolsheviks have printed in white letters on red background, "Religion is opium for the people."

Now all this is interesting enough, but the most important part of it, so far as my purpose is concerned, is what followed almost immediately. Twenty-four hours later, we entered the square once again to begin our daily round of Russian life, and discovered that a high board fence had been thrown around that entire portion of the square which marked the site of our symbol of organized religion in Russia. The shrine of the Iberian saint was gone!

In place of the lovely little blue dome with its stars of gold, supported by graceful slender pillars was a black space on the wall as though somebody might have removed an old fireplace. Ostensibly it was an obstruction to the ever-increasing traffic in the streets of Moscow. The real reason, not openly stated, but apparent enough, is the relentless determination to suppress religious organizations of all sorts and kinds.

The iniquitous influence which the Greek Orthodox Church has exercised throughout the vast domain of Russia for many centuries may be told briefly. During the early period of the introduction of Christianity into Russia, the country was dependent upon Constantinople for leadership and discipline. It was

not a happy arrangement because the patriarchs of Constantinople were dependent upon bishops from Greece to discharge this obligation; and the Greeks could not speak Russian while the Russians knew no Greek. When Constantinople fell in 1453, conditions changed. The Russians had become increasingly restive and succeeded in securing the appointment of a patriarch for Moscow in 1589.

With the accession to the throne of Peter the Great this patriarchate which had enjoyed an existence of 150 years or more was abolished. Chiefly, he had determined upon great expansion of Russian power which required united allegiance of the people. This could not be secured when the patriarch stood over against him as a potentially hostile symbol of authority.

It was during the period of the Holy Synod, appointed by Peter the Great, that the church fell to the lowest depths of depravity, making conspicuous and generous contribution toward the cultivation of those conditions which resulted in the inevitable Revolution.

This is not a very good inheritance for an institution which is later to be called upon to do its part in the construction of a revolutionary government. It is, of course, putting it very mildly to suggest that from the very beginning there has been constant warfare between the church and the revolutionists. The Orthodox Church has been constantly on the side of the counter revolutionists. You cannot blame it for this. It had never known any other way than the way of oppression, ignorance, superstition, selfishness and cruelty. During the famine of 1921, the government issued an order for the seizure of some of the ecclesiastical treasures no longer necessary in the conduct of worship. The order was bitterly opposed. Little wonder that there were a few executions and a greater number of long term imprisonments.

It should not, however, be assumed that this attitude of opposition to the government within the church was by any means unanimous; it is upon this point that the orthodox church today stands as a "house divided against itself." With the announcement of the famous decree of religious freedom in 1918, this slumbering schism broke forth into open division. On the one hand you have the Old Believers who cling with desperate determination to the traditions, practices, and allegiance of the past; on the other hand, the modernist group known as the Living Church which has decided to cast its fortunes with the Soviet government.

The removal of the shrine of the Iberian saint was a matter of outstanding importance, therefore, by reason of the fact that it typified the dissolution of this tremendous power apart from which no understanding of Russian life and history is to be gained.

As to the present status of the churches, it may be said that they are functioning in much the fashion that they do in any country where disestablishment is the law of the land. A person may go to church on Sunday as many times as he pleases. Any church will remain unmolested so long as the members of the parish keep the physical properties of the building in respectable condition and pay the priest a living wage. But it ought to be said, in order to keep the picture as accurate as possible, that the way of the believer is hard.

The Supreme Council of the Russian Soviet has recently amended its decree proposed ten years ago on behalf of religious freedom so that now the law reads: "There shall be freedom of conscience and freedom of anti-religious propaganda." "Freedom of religion" is dropped. This is unquestionably a very significant tendency related intimately to the removal of the Iberian shrine. Observers who ought to know told me that five years ago the authorities would never have dared to take such a step, but that now the lines are tightening in every direction. No matter what the particular variety of one's affiliation may be, religion is regarded in Russia today with increasing disfavor. As to the dissemination of what we regard as rational religion, probably no person has contributed more in Russia than Mr. Julius Hecker of Moscow. Not only in religion but also in education has he rendered conspicious service. With the tightening of the lines, however, his religious activities have almost reached the vanishing point, and he is prepared in mind, body and estate for banishment to Siberia at any time.

On the positive side, there is a definite and rapidly growing anti-religious movement. The Society of the Godless so-called is still numerically very small as compared with membership in the churches, but it is growing and it has generous ambitions. Among the many museums in Moscow not the least interesting and certainly most important from this point of view, is the anti-religious museum. Here they have exhibits of all sorts and kinds beginning with the story of archaeology, the worship of primitive man, the story of evolution, the rise of the Ethnic religions, the iniquities of the Orthodox Church. After you have seen one or two of these displays and the logical sequence in which they are arranged, you are pretty certain of the thing which you will find in all of them.

This anti-religious museum, by the way, is housed in a former monastery. In the course of this exhibition, they show you the picture of one of the Czar's soldiers directing the fire of a machine gun, during the 1905 revolution, from the belfry of the church into the crowds of people in the square. By the side of the soldier stands a priest blessing the gun which is causing the streets to flow with the blood of his own people. When you see such things, you are not surprised that religion is anathema in Russia.

What the future will be, no man knows, of course. That it is fast becoming a godless country from the viewpoint of Greek Orthodox standards is unquestionable. Whether religion will be exterminated along with these anachronisms with which it has been associated is a question which no one can answer. In large measure, it will depend upon one's belief as to whether there is something inherent in human nature, of which these ancient forms have been the symbols, and for which we may be able to find better symbols in the future. There are moments when the great enterprise upon which the Russian people are engaged bears striking similarity to the religious ecstasy of the great Mystics. As an example of this, I select the following paragraph from Gladkov's compelling picture of Russian life entitled "Cement":

> In these hours of the night, Comrade Chumalov, I'm thinking about the future. Our children will imagine us great heroes, and will create legends about us. And even our ordinary daily existence and our hunger, the forced idleness in production, even the watch you and I are keeping tonight—all will be raised to a higher power, as they say in mathe-

matics. It will all be reflected in their imagination as an epoch of heroic exploits and titantic achievements. And we — you and I—little grains of dust in an immense mass, we shall seem to them as giants. The past is always generalized and exaggerated. They won't remember our mistakes, cruelties, failures, weaknesses, our simple human sufferings and our damnable problems. They will say: "These were the people who were destined to conquer the whole world." And they will visit our graves as if we were inextinguishable beacons. When I think about this I feel a little bit ashamed, and at the same time I feel happy for the responsibility which we are carrying for the whole of humanity. The future oppresses me, Chumalov; our immortality is too heavy a burden.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Mohonk After Fifteen Years

The Lake Mohonk Conferences on International Arbitration were inaugurated in 1895, and continued regularly every May until 1916, the year before the United States entered the World War—twenty-two conferences altogether; and it may well be questioned whether in that period any other gathering in this country brought together so able and influential a body of men and women devoted to international justice and organization, or any which accomplished so much in affecting public sentiment to that end.

Albert K. Smiley, the proprietor of Lake Mohonk and the founder of the Mohonk Conferences, was a marked man, one of a thousand. The Smiley family were and are Quakers; and Albert K. Smiley had been the head of the Friends School in Providence before he bought Mohonk and made it the center of his notable activities. He bought it because he was captivated by its natural beauty and its rare possibilities as a vacation place for teachers. His dream of its great social and philanthropic opportunities came later; but it came—and with Albert Smiley dreams and plans for the fulfilment always went together.

The Lake Mohonk House, which in the course of the years has reached its present impressive development, is unique among American hotels. I know well the famous hotels of Switzerland, many of them with wider and more commanding views than this; but I know no other hotel in the world whose immediate surroundings are so charming. Overhanging the little lake in the rocks on the long ridge twenty miles west of the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, on one side is the Wallkill valley, and on the other side one looks across the broad Rondout valley to the Catskills. At evening one sees the sun in the clear sky sink behind the Catskills, returning later to the veranda on the other side to watch the golden moon rising above Sky Top beyond the lake. There are 7,000 acres in the great estate, with 70 miles of roads, all planned by Mr. Smiley. He was a born landscape architect, and found his greatest happiness and his refreshment from his business and philanthropies in his road-building, his forest and his flowers.

An early question with him was how to make the beautiful place immediately popular as a hotel, serve public and humanitarian ends. First came the annual Indian Conferences, each October, ten or a dozen years before the Arbitration Conferences. For Mr. Smiley was profoundly affected by the hardships and the wrongs which our Indians were suffering in the west, and believed that well-directed agitation and education could right them. He gathered about him at Mohonk each autumn, by invitation, the men from all over the country who knew most and felt most deeply on the subject; and these conferences, to be resumed this autumn after the long interregnum, had an immense rousing and shaping power with the people and with the government.

The International Arbitration Conferences were of course the larger and more important, and became famous. I was not present at the first Conference in 1895, but I was present at the second, and that inspiring week in May, to which with 300 or 400 others we were generously invited, became a sacred part of our ritual through the years that followed, till the World War came with a crash. "Floods of memories o'er us roll" as once again we find ourselves in the beautiful and eloquent surroundings, following a pleasant visit in the spring to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smiley at their California winter home, also so strikingly beautiful, at Redlands.

For Albert K. Smiley, full of years and of honors, died in the war-time and his younger brother, Daniel, reigns in his stead. He and his wife were always here at Mohonk in those later years, chief lieutenants, full of the same fervor, the same consecration and ambition; and thus the transition has been natural and easy. Morning prayers are still said each day as of old in the big California room, with Daniel Smiley instead of Albert Smiley at the table, and with their son's gifted young wife at the organ. There are three sons, one of them promisingly bearing the name of Albert, all associated with the great estate and all imbued, we are assured, with the Smiley missionary spirit.

That spirit is still potent and untiring in Daniel Smiley himself. There have been times in recent years when he has not been strong; but today his cheeks are ruddy, his voice resonant, and his smile full of hope. Two years ago he and Mrs. Smiley went around the world, bringing back the riches of instruction for which the long international life of Mohonk had been such a good preparatory school. It set them to thinking anew of the rights and wrongs of unprivileged races; and in October the Conferences on our own dependent peoples will be reopened.

Since 1916, conditions have greatly changed. The struggle for International Arbitration has been won. The League of Nations has come. The World Court has come. The international treaty renouncing war and pledging the powers to settle all disputes by peaceful means has been adopted almost universally. Law at last is on the side of the peacemakers, and against the warmakers. But a great work still remains to be done to perfect and fortify world organizations, and broaden and vivify world friendship and understanding,

We came here from an inspiring week at the International Institute at Williamstown. The transition from those so keen and well-informed discussions to the sacred Mohonk memories and hopes was short and simple. It was at Mohonk that I first met President Garfield. Would the Williamstown Institute have been easy without Mohonk? May each not signally reenforce the other in the years to come?

The Mohonk memories, the changes of the fifteen years, bring their sadnesses. It was a happy, buoyant

company that used to come out here, many of us together, from Boston. Chief of all was Edward Everett Hale, greatest of peace preachers in the last generation! His powerful and prophetic speeches on a Permanent International Tribunal were the event of the first three Mohonk Conferences. Along with his subsequent utterances here, they have happily been gathered into a little volume, "Mohonk Addresses," published by the world Peace Foundation in Boston. He foresaw clearly then the course which the world must follow, and has on the whole so wonderfully tried to follow, in its work of reorganization since the war. "A Permanent International Tribunal," he thundered, in his demand, not for the 1899 panel of judges for international arbitration, but precisely for the regular World Court which, without our governmental assistance, but happily with the assistance of our Elihu Root, was established by the nations after the War. Our tardy and ineffective cooperation as a nation in the new world organization would have been incredible to Dr. Hale. We were to be the great leader, according to his vision and his eloquence, predestined and prepared for it by every circumstance and feature of our great history, our high tradition, our Supreme Court, and our federal system. With his magnificent mingling of patriotism and internationalism, it would have been beyond the reach of his imagination that the United States, the prophecy and model of the united world, should today be the one only great civilized power standing aloof from the organized family of nations.

Dr. Hale's secretary, Martha Adams, used to come with him to Mohonk in these early days, and helped me in secretarial duties. Benjamin F. Trueblood always came, and was a prime cog in the machine, always on the opening day presenting a comprehensive survey of what had happened during the year and of how things were tending. Philip S. Moxom came, and his speeches were always among the most stirring. Charles F. Dole was a flaming and purifying spirit. Samuel B. Capen and Frederick B. Allen, best of citizens and of peace men, came; and Arthur Farley and other business leaders not a few. President Eliot, here as everywhere, was an influential and revered figure. Samuel T. Dutton in the early period came from his post as superintendent of the Brookline schools, and in the later period from his work at Columbia University. Dr. Dunning of the *Congregationalist* and Samuel J. Barrows of the *Christian Register* were constant and efficient, as were Raymond Bridgeman of the Springfield *Republican* and Frank Foxcroft of the Boston *Journal*. Mrs. J. Malcolm Forbes and Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews were there. President Seelye of Smith College always joined us somewhere *en route;* and so did President Faunce and the Providence contingent. Denys P. Myers, Charles H. Levermore and young George Nasmyth, that chivalric Sir Galahad, so soon taken to heaven, came from the World Peace Foundation; and it was in an address at Mohonk that Edwin Ginn, the founder, first unfolded his generous purposes and high hopes.

It was grateful and a high satisfaction to find Dr. Faunce at Mohonk as we came back here after the long years, the one present personal link besides the Smileys themselves between the old Mohonk and the new. He was always warmly welcomed at Mohonk, and his speeches were among the most eloquent and forcible. His love for Mohonk was deep and abiding; and in recent years, often in illness, he has made it the place of his summer rest. He likes to preach here; and Mohonk will be more Mohonk as we hear his familiar voice. Few men better incarnate the Mohonk tradition. President of the trustees of the World Peace Foundation, he has always been a peace worker, and for the whole period of the Conferences was associated with Mohonk. To the hundreds who today throng the great hotel, Mohonk is a magnificent and luxurious summer resort. To the old Mohonkers, whose memories stretch back over a generation, it is an institution.

To attempt to make this roll a general one would carry one far afield; it would take in almost every international leader in the United States twenty years ago, and many bright lights from Europe, Canada and South America. The president of the first conferences which we attended was Senator Edmunds; the last was Nicholas Murray Butler; between them came John W. Foster and Justice George Gray. I do not like today to let my memories roam too far. As we sit on the veranda overhanging the lake or by our window looking toward the Catskills, as we drive again over the old forests and to "Summer Rest" and stroll again to Eagle Cliff, it is of the dear old Boston friends that we chiefly think, although they are all mixed up with others. Fifteen years seems a short time, but in fifteen years almost all the old home friends in that charmed circle have gone. But Mohonk is here. The unchanging Catskills seem oblivious of the changes; and the calm green stretches between say their strong Amen to the gospel for which Edward Everett Hale and Albert Smiley lived. In their ever-advancing cause, Mohonk has been a Palestine. Its past at least is secure; and the Mohonk spirit still lives.

Mohonk, N. Y. EDWIN D. MEAD.

World Peace

[*Tune, "Onward, Christian Soldiers"*]

Onward, comrades, onward!
Speed the cause of Peace!
Each man for his brother,
Love must still increase.
Clasping hands fraternal,
Fill the world with good,
Nations all united,
One in Brotherhood.

Onward, comrades, onward!
'Neath the flag of Peace!
Love will be our watchword,
Nevermore to cease.
Not in creeds and doctrine,
But in doing good,
Earth will be like heaven,
One in Brotherhood.

Onward, comrades, onward!
Working all for Peace!
Hushing words of hatred,
Making wars to cease;
Peace the wide world over,
Universal good!
Join in glad Hosannas,
One in Brotherhood.

CARINE L. ROSE.

Judaism and Pacifism

[From Our Special Correspondent]

In the ancient political history of the Jewish people there is a decisive moment when the tribes of Israel came to the prophet Samuel and asked him to give them a king, "like all the nations have one." Samuel resisted them, for he saw in their request an unfaithfulness to God and to the real Jewish spirit; he showed them what it means to have a king and to form a state like all other peoples. It means power and glory, but also war and oppression, tyranny, humiliation. Yet the people insisted on having a king, and Samuel gave them one.

The Jewish State was not of long standing. It had to fight not only with other enemies, states like itself often stronger than itself, but it had to stand also a severe trial from within, which it could stand as little as other nations. The state and the nation are used to considering themselves as the measure of all things, to think their own welfare the guiding principle, and to subject eternal truths to this conception. And because state and nation claim for themselves such divine rights, they think themselves authorized to use force and to subject everything to their power and will. Now it is remarkable that this universal conception was never accepted by the spiritual leaders among the Jewish people. State, national and religious groups did not become independent with absolutely acknowledged standards; they were subjected to the general ethical standard and measured by it. The time of the prophets is full of a quite unique struggle in political life. On the one side there were the kings of Judah and Israel with their counsellors, striving for power and prosperity like all the other states of the earth. The people lived content in happiness and affluence, and art and commercial life flourished amid the general wellbeing. But the voice of the prophets rang out and opposed this state because it was a state like all the others. In paradoxical language they taught the opposite of what the people believed in. They opposed the will of God to man's desire and his social order. They fought against the state, as something always relative, only a means to stabilize human struggle, and they sought to destroy it by measuring it by the standard of absolute morals. They stood against the nation, the state, the high and mighty. And at last the people gave way! They left the ordinary run of politics, and became different from other peoples. While others round them were perishing, they bought eternal life at the price of a terrible yoke, destined to oppress them forever. They will again and again rebel against it. Yet they have chosen their fate. This people have learned to call the teachers whom they loved, and who taught them nothing but what the teachers of all other nations have always taught, the wise and noble counsellors of the State, false prophets. And they have learned to cherish with reverence the reproaches which the true prophets, whom once they persecuted, directed against their kings and heroes, and their own natural desires for power and wealth. The political wisdom of Hosea and Isaiah taught the Jews to turn away from outer glory and success, and to concentrate on the creation of a just community within. With this aim in view, they said, there is no need to despair or to live in constant fear. A community built on justice can have confidence in its future, and will always be much safer than a giant nation built on violence and control of men and goods by force, relying on armies in its foreign policy, awaking envy and fear in all its neighbors. Isaiah warns, "Woe to those who rely on horses and chariots, because they are many, and on horsemen, because they are strong, in repentance and quietness you will be blessed. Rest and confidence shall be your heroism." Jeremiah behaved similarly when his people again desired to fight for their independence and to shake off the "fetters of a foreign yoke." For his acts and speeches of "treason," he was imprisoned, maltreated and threatened with death. The generals accused him of discouraging the people and the army, "for this man," they said, "does not aim at the welfare of the people, but at their misfortune." But the prophet did not give way. He knew that truth would conquer even if he perished. Possibly he did destroy political authority. But to him the state was no more than an instrument in the hand of God for His own purposes. "Not by power, not by force, but only by My spirit."

The Jewish nation has accepted the teaching of these prophets, and lived not only in itself but also in the teachings of Jesus and the early Christians who were Jews, as well as in the sect of the Essenes. These lived by intense work in agriculture and crafts with the exception of manufacturing weapons. They elected leaders whom they willingly obeyed, but they rejected all other dominion of man over man and all manner of violence as unjust and ungodly. But the Jewish nation has rejected violence not only in obedience to these principles but also in consequence of its fate as a nation. On the other hand these principles also determined its fate. When therefore the outer frame of the nation perished, the mental life of the nation was not destroyed as in the case of most other nations, but survived. The Jewish nation has continued to live all through the centuries, though without land, without outer power and force, and without a leading worldly authority. It lived on among the nations, lonely and different, a horror to some, a wonder to others. Before the belligerent nations of our day existed, the Jews had already abdicated all violence and outward glory.

Dispersed over all the countries of the earth, they have become enriched by all kinds of culture and have enriched these cultures in turn. They have become a nation of the world and of humanity, and yet have still remained distinct as a nation. They have thoroughly recognized the nullity, the worthlessness and wrong of all power and outer glory, yet are never pessimistic. A colossal vitality has animated them and has always produced new forms of life. But life had only sense for the Jews when subjected to the laws of morality. Life was always hard for the Jews, but they took it upon themselves, since it had the sense of spiritualizing and deifying life, raising the dignity of man and relinquishing all violence. The Jews have experienced the effect of violence personally all through the centuries and by their suffering they have not learned to see its justice nor to feel reverence for it. The Jews held fast to their traditions and at the same time they were revo-

lutionary for they saw through the hollowness of the authority that is based on force. They had no kings and princes of their own blood, but nowhere were the leaders so gladly obeyed, for they were freely chosen and prominent for the purity of their lives and the serenity of their wisdom. No people has honored wisdom and purity of life as the Jews have done. Noble descent and riches could not compete with these. Leaders could arise from among the lowest and most humble classes. But though the Jews acknowledged leaders, they knew no domination by man over men. The Jews have known fight, the struggle for high aims, the courage to bear all for the sake of these aims, even martyrdom. But they have hated war, which they have not carried on for two thousand years, and every kind of violence. Every Jew has in his blood an instinctive and passionate aversion to brute force, murder and war. The heroism of war, the sporting spirit of competition, are incomprehensible to him. In the time of the Talmud the idea of the unity and equality of the human race, of the dignity and greatness of each human being is repeatedly emphasized. "Wherever you see the trace of man, you see the trace of God." "This is the book of the human race; when God created man, he created him in his own image; this is the sum of the Tora." The Mishna says the following parable: "A single man has been created in the beginning of the world, to show that whoever kills a single soul, shall have slain a whole world." Thus is made clear the value of human life and the meaning of the command, "Thou shalt not kill." In this faith lies the foundation of the refusal to kill, to carry on war under whatever pretense. The golden age is characterised in the imagination of the Jews by the absence of all violence. "They shall melt down their swords into ploughshares, and their lances into grape-knives. No nation shall lift its sword against another, and they shall not experience war." The great aim of Jewish politics was a realm of peace for all the united nations of the earth. The king that Israel longs for is far different from the kings of other nations, also different from the king that the Jews demanded three thousand years ago from Samuel and of whom he warned them. "He is just and charitable. He is humble and rides on an ass. He demolishes the chariots of Ephraim and the horses of Jerusalem. Also the arrows shall be broken and he will bring his people peace."

In the last decades a change has taken place in the Jewish nation, and, as in the case of many other peoples and religions, much of its old moral strength and its contempt of violence is gone. It has learned much useful knowledge from modern European nationalism, but also part of their belief in force and power, and their low standards of moral values. But in common with the forerunners of other nations they are beginning to think over again their destiny and peculiar way, and are finding that the new teachings arising on the horizon of humanity are nothing but a confirmation of what they have believed in and tried to live up to for many centuries.

Jerusalem, Palestine. HANS KOHN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XLI

An Instructive Dialogue

From its very inception the Khadi movement, Swadeshi movement as it was then called, evoked much criticism from the mill-owners. The late Umar Sobani, a capable mill-owner himself, not only gave me the benefit of his own knowledge and experience but kept me in touch with the opinion of the other mill-owners as well. The argument advanced by one of these deeply impressed him. He pressed me to meet him. I agreed. Mr. Sobani arranged the interview. The mill-owner opened the conversation.

"You know that there has been Swadeshi agitation before now?"

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"You are also aware that in the days of the Partition we, the mill-owners, fully exploited the Swadeshi movement. When it was at its height, we raised the prices of cloth and did even worse things?"

"Yes, I have heard something about it and it has grieved me."

"I can understand your grief, but I can see no ground for it. We are not conducting our business out of philanthropy. We do it for profit, we have got to satisfy the shareholders. The price of an article is governed by the demand for it. Who can check the law of demand and supply? The Bengalis should have known that their agitation was bound to send up the price of Swadeshi cloth by stimulating the demand for it."

I interrupted. "The Bengalis like me were trustful in their nature. They believed in the fulness of their faith that the mill-owners would not be so utterly selfish and unpatriotic as to betray their country in the hour of its need and even to go the length, as they did, of fraudulently passing off foreign cloth as Swadeshi."

"I knew your believing nature," he rejoined, "that is why I put you to the trouble of coming to me so that I might warn you against falling into the same error as these simple-hearted Bengalis."

With these words the mill-owner beckoned to his clerk who was standing by to produce samples of the stuff that was being manufactured in his mill. Pointing to it he said: "Look at this stuff. This is the latest variety turned out by our mill. It is meeting with a widespread demand. We manufacture it from the waste. Naturally, therefore, it is cheap. We send it as far North as the valley of the Himalayas. We have agencies all over the country, even in places where your voice or your agent can never reach. You can thus see that we do not stand in need of more agents. Besides, you ought to know that India's production of cloth falls far short of its requirements. The question of Swadeshi, therefore, largely resolves itself into one of production. The moment we can increase our pro-

duction sufficiently and improve its quality to the necessary extent, the import of foreign cloth will automatically cease. My advice to you, therefore, is not to carry on your agitation on its present lines but to turn your attention to the erection of fresh mills. What we need is not propaganda to inflate demand for our goods but greater production."

"Then, surely, you will bless my effort, if I am already engaged in that very thing," I asked.

"How can that be?" he exclaimed, a bit puzzled, "but may be you are thinking of promoting the establishment of new mills in which case you certainly deserves to be congratulated."

"I am not doing exactly that," I explained, "but I am engaged in the revival of the spinning wheel."

"What is that?" he asked, feeling still more at sea. I told him all about the spinning wheel and the story of my long quest after it and added, "I am entirely of your opinion; it is no use my becoming virtually an agent for the mills. That would do more harm than good to the country. Our mills will not be in want of custom for a long time to come. My work should be, and therefore is, to organize the production of handspun cloth and to find means for the disposal of the Khadi thus produced. I am, therefore, concentrating my attention on the production of Khadi. I swear by this form of Swadeshi because through it I can provide work to the semi-starved, semi-employed women of India. My idea is to get these women to spin yarn and to clothe the people of India with Khadi woven out of it. I do not know how far this movement is going to succeed, at present, it is only in the incipient stage. But I have full faith in it. At any rate it can do no harm. On the contrary to the extent that it can add to the cloth production of the country, be it ever so small, it will represent so much solid gain. You will thus perceive, then, that my movement is free from the evils mentioned by you."

He replied, "If you have additional production in view in organising your movement, I have nothing to say against it. Whether the spinning wheel can make headway in this age of power machinery is another question. But I for one wish you every success."

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by P.*)

The Study Table

Book Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

The Best and the Worst in War Books

Remarque's book* has made an unprecedented international sensation. Written in Germany by a German in description of war scenes on the German side of the western front, it has not only swept its own country, but has engulfed both France and England in a veritable flood of literary excitement, and now in our own country has been a best seller for months. No war book has ever had so great and universal a success. And it is a deserved success, for the story is a masterpiece of literature, and presents an unforgettable picture of the 1914 catastrophe.

Enthusiastic critics have called this work the greatest of all books on the Great War. We can think of only two others with which to compare it—Barbusse's "Under Fire" and Latzko's "Men In War." Of these, Barbusse's stupendous novel still seems to us to hold the place of primacy. "All Quiet On the Western Front" is not less vivid than the Frenchman's immortal achievement, and certainly not less terrible. It has the same quality of universal appeal—the German trenches in Remarque's pages being the same scene of basic human flesh and spirit as the French trenches of Barbusse. There is also the same profound understanding of men and things, the same sympathy and deep compassion, and in the end the same revolt against the mingled horror and silliness of war. But "Under Fire" has an epic quality which this book misses. Like "Men In War," "All Quiet" is more a series of short sketches than a mounting drama of cosmic misery and death. Barbusse reminds us of nothing so much as Dante. Remarque gives us the same Inferno, but we see the awful scene in momentary flashes rather than in one sustained and unbroken journey through the pit. This German book is simply on a smaller scale than "Under Fire," and thus inevitably gives no such overwhelming impression of consuming power. Just for this reason, perhaps, it is more intimate, and touches the heart more nearly.

Certainly, in one important respect, "All Quiet On the Western Front" has a quality all its own. "Under Fire" and other such books as we have read, all tell of the experiences of mature men in the front-line trenches. Barbusse painted on his stupendous canvas the early days of the war. His soldiers were the men drafted when the bugles blew to arms in 1914—the husbands and fathers who endured the initial shock, settled down to that first long struggle for supremacy in Flanders, and then one by one were killed. Remarque, on the other hand, tells us of the last days of the war, when Germany in especial was reaching the end of her man-power and fighting her last desperate battles against defeat. His soldiers, therefore, are not men but boys—the sons of the fathers of two and three years before—young lads, physically immature, spiritually unformed, snatched brutally from home and school and playground, to meet death before they have encountered life. We have never read anything more pitiful than the story of these boys as they are thrust into the barracks, beaten into submission by the cruel discipline of the parade ground, driven to the front in their over-large uniforms and with their over-heavy arms, hurled sick with fear into the trenches amid the indescribable horrors of bombardment, smashed limbs, bleeding flesh, screaming agonies and sudden death, and at last the survivors dragged out of the battle to rest their bodies and restore their nerves, seeking mad comfort with food, drink, and women! The pictures of this hell are unforgettable. They sear the mind, as fire sears the body. This is what war does to the sweet flesh, the romantic dreams, the spiritual ideals

*"All Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich Maria Remarque. Published by Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

of youth. By this it stands condemned. If we do not get rid of it now, for the sake of these millions of young boys growing up again in the nations of the world, may we be cursed and damned forever!

It is well to read with Remarque's great book this latest † of American books on the war. Here is a man who can still regard the Great War as a joke, and its experience as a lark. His story is more terrible in its way, certainly more ghastly, than "All Quiet On the Western Front," since it is the picture not of helpless boys dying and dead in battle, but of ribald men dancing on the graves of heroes. The author of this book, had he stood on Calvary, would have been convulsed with mirth, and cracked a dirty joke as he tossed off a drink to the health of the agonizing Christ. It is charitable to believe that "War Bugs" represents the memoirs of a perverted mind. It is more likely that it reveals the psychology of the flippant, shallow, comic-strip American mind. In either case a serious publisher should have protected the world from such an example of obscene exhibitionism.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Book on Books

This book* has held me absorbed from cover to cover. I have always loved books, and here is a volume which tells us more about books and authors and publishers than I have read in many a long day. Its pages are crowded with famous names; they record a thousand fascinating tales; they open a myriad of questions pertaining to this fine old art of writing.

The author's main concern, as his title indicates, is with the question of ethics. What is right and wrong in the business of writing and publishing? What is wrong is set forth in a bewildering array of high crimes and misdemeanors which have been practised in one way or another for ages past. I confess that I never knew there were so many offenses against common decency and honor in the literary field. Under crimes Mr. Paull lists theft, forgery, piracy, and plagiarism—everything apparently but murder! Under misdemeanors, he classifies parody and burlesque, literary hoaxes, editorial garbling and high license, the vagaries of censorship, the literary "ghost," and the misuse of actual persons in fiction and the drama. In a final section, he discusses certain abstruse and more or less disputable questions which have to do with historical fiction, biographies and memoirs, criticism and controversy, translations, and the perennial problem of money. Any more complete survey of the field is difficult to imagine. And all illustrated by concrete instances, drawn from the lives of authors ancient and modern, great and obscure, which make the reading of the book a perpetual delight!

Of the morals of authors and other persons of literature down to comparatively modern times, must be said, in the evidence of this book, what the missionary said of the morals of the heathen—"There aren't any!" Only within a century or two has there come to be recognized what is known in other walks of life as a moral code. Even today this code is in many ways uncertain. But there is at least and at last a public sentiment developed in our day which makes certain cruder forms of piracy and plagiarism absolutely impossible. Yet are there many standards still to be established, and it is heartening to find this student of the question laying down principles everywhere of the most rigorous delicacy and honor. The main thing is that progress has been made, and is still being made. This book, for all its tales of literary indecency and shame, shows conclusively that the world is growing better.

†"War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.

*"Literary Ethics," by H. M. Paull. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75.

Correspondence

Our Military Brethren vs. Our M. E. Brethren

Editor of UNITY:

During September, 1929, the veterans of the Spanish-American War enjoyed their annual convention in the beautiful city of Denver, Colo. There was a big parade in which it was said 20,000 men participated. There was a rodeo, there were addresses, there was a carnival. An aerial wizardry was said to have thrilled a crowd of more than 50,000 people. The big airplanes exhibited military formations, breath-taking dives, loops and rolls. Newspapers had from ten to twelve columns devoted each day to descriptions of the great occasion. There were numerous pictures of the marching, including that of women's organizations. The writer one afternoon saw a squad of women in uniform going through their drill in the civic center of Denver. As he looked at them he thought of the 9,000,000 women who in some way or other lost their lives during the great war. He thought of the even greater number of children who were miserably destroyed during the same period. He remembered that the sex appeal to militarism tends to hide the ghastliness of war, which the people of America know very, very little about.

With great gusto one of the newspapers told the story of how two veterans indulged in reminiscences regarding the fight at Guam, when nobody was killed, nobody wounded and nobody even frightened. That seems to have been a very delightful incident in the history of war.

Stirring speeches were made by eminent officials representing the army and navy. A strong "preparedness" resolution was passed. We are told that Admiral Cleuverius and Brigadier General E. L. King, assistant chief of staff, attacked the stand of the pacifists. Admiral Cleuverius was quoted as saying "Our great fleet is one of defense. It is training American youths to live right, so that, if the country needs them, they can die right." The writer remembered some unbelievable and unutterable scenes forced upon his attention, when the United States fleet was in Panama, not so very long ago.

Col. Church was reported as having said, "You see the pension bureau is not drying up . . ." "Pension disbursements to Spanish War veterans aggregated more than $65,000,000." The annual disbursements are constantly increasing. In this connection it may be interesting to observe that, according to the World Book of 1929, the total number of troops in the Spanish-American War was 223,235, and the same authority adds, "The loss of life, most of which was due to disease, was 2,910 for the American forces." In the midst of these exciting scenes the *Rocky Mountain News* burst forth with a leading editorial, headed, "Paid Propaganda," attacking the notorious jingoist, William B. Shearer.

We look at another side of the picture. During the same week the Methodist Episcopal conference of Colorado was being held in Denver. Were the brethren scared because the fundamental principle of the Christian religion —love—which they stand for was attacked? Right in the midst of the hubbub there one day appeared the notable

The Field

"The world is my country,
to do good is my Religion."

A FRIEND OF UNITY

[In the death of Emily Howland, UNITY has lost one of its oldest and staunchest friends. She was a subscriber as far back as any record goes. She contributed to the original $30,000 Endowment Fund, and also to the present Fund now being raised. In her own right, she was a woman of distinction and influence. "She worked all her life," writes a niece, "in reforms and in education, especially for the colored people of the South. To the end of her life she lost no opportunity to advance the movement for world peace." UNITY is happiest and proudest in the loyal allegiance of such friends, and takes pleasure in printing *in memoriam* the following biographical sketch, borrowed from the *Industrial Student*, of Camp Hill, Alabama. —Editor.]

At the end of a perfect day, Emily Howland in her one hundred and second year fell on sleep. Her physician, Dr. Katherine H. Munhall, and her niece, Miss Isabel Howland, both write me that her spirit was undaunted to the end. In her last letter to me the writing was like copper plate and all the mental processes were in perfect harmony. The going was like the passing of the last day that she had lived—morning, noon and night, a flaming sunset and a tender afterglow.

We can scarcely realize that the span of her life is almost the span of our history as a nation. Thomas Jeferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and John Adams, the second President of the United States, had been dead but a little over a year when Emily Howland was born, November 20, 1827. Internal improvements were in their infancy when Miss Howland was a girl. It was nearly twenty years before steam railways were a going affair and Daniel Webster traveled by stage coach from Boston to New York because of the uncertainty of the steam locomotive! Schools were primitive and there were few of them. Girls' schools were almost unknown. Mary Lyon opened her school at South Hadley, Mass., in 1837, although Emma Willard had sent her plan for a Female Seminary to Gov. Clinton in New York, in 1818. Not a half dozen schools all told were devoted to the education of women when Emily Howland was a girl. Married women could not hold their own property and a mother did not have the right to her own child. Little was known of the United States beyond Ohio in 1827, and New Orleans and St. Louis were almost foreign cities.

In 1835 when Harriet Martineau visited Chicago she found a straggling village in a mud hole. Washington was a small city without pavements and uninviting and unfit for residence. Slavery was the uppermost question and Webster, Clay and Calhoun were the great statesmen. Andrew Jackson assumed the Presidency shortly after Miss Howland's birth and she probably heard more discussion of him than of John Quincy Adams whom he succeeded. Miss Howland witnessed the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War and the discovery of gold. She bore a part in the civil war in the Sanitary Commission, and for more than fifty years was a patron of the schools for both white and colored that were planted in the south, in the wake of the war. She worked for every sort of reform for woman, giving her utmost strength and furnishing what was also so greatly needed, money. Miss Howland was the first woman director of a National Bank in the world. She combined in a rare degree the idealism and poetic gifts of the dreamer with the sane sense of values which goes with a business career.

Miss Howland was a member of the Friends order and possessed in the finest way the spirit of this remarkable sect. To the very last she had the fire and color of youth. Every day brought to her a new determination and a new zest.

Some twenty years ago she determined that she would do little more traveling. If she went away in these later years it was because of the entreaties of her friends and kinfolk rather than from any desire of her own. She had no warm corner in her house, however, where she was to dream away her days! Her house was always open and around her were a group of friends. There was light and conversation and high joy. Her visitors' book was a sort of muster-roll of all the elect souls of America and names not a few could be found of those from across the seas. So it was no hum-drum life which this century

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newspaper headline, "Army Training Denounced at Church Parley, Methodists Assail Military Work Given at Colleges in Colorado." These brethren passed, the writer believes, without a dissenting voice the following resolutions:

"Believing as does the Methodist Episcopal Church that 'preparation for war leads to war' and recognizing the suspicion and ill-will aroused in foreign countries by our various forms of military training, we reiterate our opposition 'to military training in high schools' and particularly 'to all compulsory military training in colleges and universities.'

"We congratulate the administration of Colorado University on the fact that it has remained free from this encroachment of the War Department upon our system of higher education and we request the resident bishop of the Denver area to communicate the opposition which we feel to such training as well as our patriotic purpose to use all just and democratic means to insure its discontinuance to the administrative officers of the Colorado School of Mines, Golden, and the Agricultural College at Fort Collins, as well as to the Superintendent of Schools of all cities within our bounds where military training is given.

"'The General Conference of our Church having recorded its opposition 'to the aiding of military training camps by government postmarks on mail matter' thus tending 'to create a wrong impression regarding the attitude of the United States toward universal peace,' we request the secretary of our conference to communicate with the senators and congressmen of Colorado, respectfully requesting them to take up the matter with the post office department with a view to its discontinuance next year.

"Since liberty of conscience is so closely related to civil liberties, we cannot accept, without active opposition, any abridgement of the constitutional guarantees of free speech and assembly."

The military brethren did not like these resolutions and a few days afterward the Colorado Reserve Officers Association denounced them, demanding a R. O. T. C. unit in the University of Colorado, and a junior R. O. T. C. unit in Denver high schools. The denunciation of the Methodists' resolution was worded in severe terms. The reserve officers were, "surprised and disappointed," over the action taken by the church people. They expressed the belief that the resolution was put into the conference "surreptitiously." The next day Bishop Adna W. Leonard, who had presided at the Colorado Methodist Episcopal Conference, denied the above charges, he stating that, "The resolutions were read in detail, word by word. Everybody heard them. When the vote was taken, plainly and in open meeting, as the Conference votes always are taken, it was overwhelmingly in favor of adoption of the resolutions."

To sum up, the Methodist brethren concluded this slightly dramatic tilt undefeated and undismayed.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

Peace and the Constitution

Editor of UNITY:

I read with much interest Doremus Scudder's article "Across the Threshold" in your issue of October 7. If the Covenant of the League of Nations is out of harmony with the Treaty for the Renunciation of War, because of its provisions for war between nations, then the Constitution of the United States of America is also out of harmony with that Treaty just as long as it provides for this country preparing and waging war against other nations. And if the League of Nations cannot be truly for peace while its Covenant sanctions war, then the United States of America cannot be truly for peace while its Constitution sanctions war. The Women's Peace Union's proposed constitutional amendment (S. J. Res. 45) is expressly for the purpose of taking the sanction of war out of our federal Constitution; and should receive more attention from folk who profess to wish to outlaw war.

VAUGHN BACHMAN BROKAW.

Phoenix, Arizona.

old woman lived at Sherwood, N. Y. Here she was born and here she died. Here came to her all her honors and here it was that the Regents of the University of the state of New York sought her out in her 99th year and endowed her with the scholars degree of Doctor of Literature. Few of us attain to one hundred years. Fewer still live so purposeful and beautiful a life. The best was always yet to be with her.

LYMAN WARD.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

The question of the so-called "Freedom of the Seas" which caused war between Britain and America in 1812 and nearly brought America into the World War against Great Britain and on the side of the Central Powers, is of primary importance now.

Britain's power, offensive and defensive, has for centuries rested upon her naval superiority, which she has used to cripple her enemies' commerce and to blockade their coasts. In so doing she has claimed and exercised a right of search and arrest on the high seas which has always been disputed by other nations. The latter have claimed that "the flag covered the goods" and that neutral shipping, except when carrying contraband, should be free from interference. Britain, however, adopted the practice of seizing enemy goods even in neutral ships. The Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800 were formed to prevent this.

From the time of their independence, the United States were the foremost champions of the "Free Ships" doctrine, and, as I have said, were at war with Britain on this issue in 1812. In 1856, the "free Ships" doctrine became international law, as part of the Declaration of Paris: "The neutral flag covers enemy goods, except contraband of war." This, however, soon became a dead letter. In the World War Britain extended its right of search and arrest on the high seas to such an extent that Americans could not ship goods even to neutral countries without a British permit, and the list of contraband articles was continually being added to. This was a cause of great friction between the two countries.

One of the arguments used by Americans in defense of a big navy is the need to protect American commerce from interference in time of war. In Britain a big navy is defended as a means of protecting our food supply in war time. In reality this naval rivalry defeats its own end by making war more likely. Cannot we find a way out?

In the second of his fourteen points, President Wilson enunciated a new version of the Freedom of the Seas—"Absolute freedom of navigation on the high seas, alike in peace as in war, except as they may be closed by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." Why cannot the great naval powers, and above all, Britain and America, accept this doctrine? It gives to all of them the security they desire, without the need of big navies. Moreover, by the Pact of Peace, signed last August, the signatory nations have renounced war "as an instrument of national policy", i. e., they have abandoned the right to use blockade and naval capture against private enemies. The full acceptance of Wilson's doctrine should therefore be recognized as a natural sequel to the Kellogg Pact and thus would be ended a century old quarrel and a serious war danger would be removed.

—Harold F. Bing in Fortnight Bulletin.

ECHOES FROM THE TENTH LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY

Dr. Stresemann—Germany: (A universal sense of sorrow has been expressed since his untimely death.)

"As you know, before Germany joined the League, many of my fellow countrymen desired that she would not do so until the great political problems arising out of the war had been solved. The German Government confidently opposed this demand, and decided to take an active part in the League's work as soon as international relations had reached a stage which would allow this. The German Government has never regretted its decision; but we have always, and especially at Geneva, felt the continued occupation of German territory very deeply. No self-respecting nations could have failed to do so."

M. Briand—France:

"I think that among peoples constituting geographical groups, like the peoples of Europe, there should be some kind of federal bond; it should be possible for them to get in touch at any time, to confer about their interests, to agree on joint resolutions and to establish among themselves a bond of solidarity which will . . . . enable them to meet any grave emergency that may arise. . . "

The Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson—British Empire:

"The entry into force of the Pact of Peace is a great new event which has happened since the last session of the Assembly. It is a great new addition to international law by which the relation of states is governed and controlled.

"This means, therefore, not that there is a contradiction or conflict between the Covenant on the one hand and the Pact on the other, but that the Pact has gone beyond the Covenant and has filled the gaps which the Covenant left open."

The Rt. Hon. James Ramsay MacDonald—British Empire:

"And, Sir, we are going to take our risks of peace. Peace, I know, has its risks as well as war; but the difference between the nation that risks itself in peace and that which risks itself in war is this: that the nation that takes the risk of pioneering in peace is likely to get peace; the nation that takes the risk of leading in military preparations is absolutely certain to get war."

—Fortnight Bulletin, From: International Education Division National Student Federation of America.

NOVEMBER

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BOOKS RECEIVED

Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.
The March of Life.—By Elizabeth H. Dewart.

Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.
Sinism.—By H. G. Creel.

Philosophical Publishing Co., Quakertown, Pa.
Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis.—By R. Swinburne Clymer.

Robertson, A. M., San Francisco, Cal.
Reminiscences of Outdoor Life.—By William Kent.